Daddy's Little Girl

by WildRose40DDD ©

Let me tell you a little story, still not sure how I let it happen, but

putting it down here may help me. I am a single father, trying to raise a

teenage daughter. Lately, I have noticed she is filling out, not getting

fat, but developing the luscious curves of womanhood. I know that it is

wrong for me to notice, but if you could only see how she dresses. Well, I

am sure you are aware of the fashion trends, short, tight, revealing;

teenage girls trying so hard to look sexy. I have always let her choose

her own clothes, but was astounded when she quit buying knickers and

started buying thongs. Her explanation was that knickers showed with the

new jeans, you know the type that ride very low on the hips, and cling

tightly.

As I say, I rarely comment on her clothes, preferring to let her express

herself. However, tonight she definitely pushed the limit. She was

planning to go out with her friends and came down from her room in the

shortest skirt I have ever seen. Hell sitting without putting on a show

would be impossible, and forget bending over. On top she had a tube top

that barely covered her young breasts and a white men’s style shirt, tied

at the waist and completely unbuttoned. Pair this with high heel sandals,

and makeup and she looked ready to walk the streets, or take the stage at

a strip club.

“Young lady, march back up to your room and put some decent clothes on

now.” I couldn’t believe it when she told me no, and started towards the

door. She has been growing more defiant and bratty lately, perhaps teenage

rebellion (she had just turned 18). I jumped from my chair, grabbed her

arm and dragged her back into the living room. Before I was even sure what

I was doing, I had her laid across my knees. “I think it is time you got a

spanking and remembered your place around here.”

She wiggled trying to get off my lap, but I easily held her in place. God,

I hadn’t spanked her since she was a child, but then maybe that is why she

has been such a brat. I flipped her skirt up over her ass and damn if she

wasn’t wearing one of those thongs. Well the spanking would work better on

the bare cheeks of her ass anyway. Whap….my hand hit her right cheek

turning it an instant pink. Whap….another slap creates a matching bloom on

her left cheek.

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Her side

(Ok, so I have been a brat lately. Yes, I knowingly wear clothes to tease

the guys…what can I say…its fun. And I have to say, I enjoy the shocked,

and pleased look on Daddy’s face when I dress sexy. But tonight I may just

have overstepped the boundaries. My outfit landed me across Daddy’s lap.)

Whap…..”owww Daddy please stop, it hurt’s.” I am not sure which was worse,

the spanking, and yes it hurts, or having my bare ass sticking up in front

of Daddy. I begged and cried but he continued slapping my ass. God, it

burned but…no I can’t say that….this is Daddy. Well, yes, it’s turning me

on; I can feel the tingle…the wetness. I have never even let a guy touch

me…but I touch myself….and I know it is naughty…but it feels so good. Why

is my mind turning to masturbating, my ass is on fire, and he hasn’t

stopped yet. I will be lucky to be able to sit in class tomorrow.

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Her little ass is bright red by now, and tears run down her cheeks. I stop

spanking her, know I should just send her to her room…but, god I hate to

say this….I don’t want to. I run my hand gently over the reddened flesh,

soothing the hurt I tell myself. I try to ignore the tingling in my cock

and balls, the fact that I am turned on by my little girl. God her ass is

nice though….why did she have to wear that thong. She is whimpering but it

turns to…well almost a purr. I can’t help myself as my hand strokes her

ass, then her thighs. No…I can’t do this. “Get up girl….Now….and pull that

skirt down.” She pulls off my lap and on her knees, smoothing her skirt.

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Her side

I get off Daddy’s lap, my ass is sore but….I am glad he didn’t notice how

wet I am. Surely he wouldn’t approve….of his little girl being aroused by

her punishment….hell, I don’t even understand it. He has a funny look on

his face, almost as if he is in pain. I sit down on his lap and lay my

head on his shoulder. I wiggle a bit, and he groans. “Daddy, I am so

sorry….are you…are you ok.” He blushes a bit….I am unsure why…but wait.

“Daddy, are you sure you are ok, you seem to be….well your lap feels

funny. Did I hurt you?” New tears spring to my eyes and I move to jump off

his lap.

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God…how do I answer that question? I pull her close, stroking her cheek.

“No darling…Daddy is ok it is just…..well….” How do I tell my innocent

little girl that her Daddy got a hard on spanking her? Before I can say

another word, her hand is lightly stroking me through my pants. She asks

me with all innocence if that is where I hurt.

“Oh little one…it is not really that is hurts….sometimes a man …, “ I

trail off. Her hand feels so good on me. I see a blush steal across her

cheeks….does my baby know about men? “Darling….have you ever let a boy

touch you…or touched a boy.” She seems shocked, but quietly answers no. I

am shocked to hear her softly telling me that she has touched herself

though. I try to clear pictures of my little girl playing with herself out

of my mind…but I can’t. “Well little one…when a man gets

excited….aroused….this is what happens.” I know it is a shitty

explanation, and the question remains in her eyes. God, if only she would

quit rubbing my cock…maybe I could think.

She looks at me with all innocence and says she does not understand. And I

know it does not excuse me…..but she asks me to show her. I undo my belt

and zipper, with a little work I am able to free my cock, which is rock

hard.

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Her Side

When Daddy pulled his…well you know….out of his pants….well I never

realized they were so big. Okay, Daddy’s little girl has a computer, and

yes she does read a lot. I slid off Daddy’s lap, kneeling before him so I

could see better.

From looking online…and hearing my girlfriends talk….I have an idea about

what ….well….what men and women do. But I never imagined men were this

big….how could it ever fit. I run my hand over it…amazed at how hard it

is….how silky the skin feels. Oh, there is some fluid leaking from the

end…I run my finger through it…grazing the head and then bring it to my

lips.

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The sight of my little girl kneeling down and stroking my cock pushes me

almost to the limit. But when she runs her finger through my pre-cum and

licks it from her finger, well the battle was lost. “Do you like the

taste, my little one? Would you like another taste? It’s okay…just…just

use your tongue this time.” I know I shouldn’t be doing this, but my cock

is leading me now. I feel and see my precious daughter’s tongue lick at

the pre-cum oozing from my cock. The first lick is tentative, soft and

slow… oh God it feels so good. I start stroking her hair as she explores

further with her tongue….soft little circles around the tip of my cock. I

moan deeply with pleasure….and her head jerks up, her eyes filled with

concern. “Oh my precious…that feels so good….please….please lick Daddy

some more.” I hesitate then add…”Lick it like a popsicle….all over.”

Her tongue runs up the underside of my shaft and then circles around the

tip again. Over and over her tongue explores and tastes every inch of my

cock. Putting a gentle hand on the back of her head, running my fingers

through her hair, I beg her to take it into her mouth. I look into her

eyes…trying to read her thoughts…is it fear…no, but it can’t be…yes, it

is….my little girl is enjoying licking and sucking Daddy’s cock. Her lips

are magic, circling the head and traveling slowly down the shaft. All the

time I have spent protecting her from the boys and men who would rob her

of her innocence. How could I be doing this?

I grasp her shoulders and push her away from my cock. But the sight in

front of me is unexpected, instead of being upset or crying….her face is

flushed with arousal. I had pulled her away abruptly and her hand was

still beneath her skirt. God, how could I resist when she was sucking my

cock and playing with her young pussy.

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Her Side

As I was licking, sucking and generally exploring Daddy’s cock with my hot

mouth, I let my hand travel to my crotch; slowly rubbing myself with my

fingers, feeling the heat and wetness. God, I want…I need….but what is it

that I need. Then I began to understand, this is what all those stories I

read online had been trying to describe. This was the desire the women

spoke of, the animal lust.

Daddy’s cock was so big and hot in my mouth, and it tasted kind of salty.

I wanted to touch every inch with my lips and tongue…wanted him to feel

the same need that was consuming me. When he pushed me away…I could see

the war in his eyes…I could feel it in my mind.

I know what we are doing is wrong and so does he, but neither of us wants

to stop. I watch him closely….and then see a single tear trace it’s way

down his cheek. Oh no, I have disappointed him…failed him, I turn and run

to my room. I can’t believe I was sucking my Daddy’s cock….I feel so

ashamed and know from the look in his eye that he is ashamed of me.

When I reach my room, I pull off the damn clothes that started this whole

mess, tossing them in the corner. I curl up on the bed, my face buried in

the pillow, crying.

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I feel the tear rolling down my cheek before I can stop it. My darling

girl turns and runs from me. Part of me says to let her go….explain later

how this got out of hand and beg her to forgive me. Another part, the part

between my legs, urges me to follow her and finish what we have started. I

find myself at the door to her room, telling myself I just want to make

sure she is ok. I open the door quietly, and see her on the bed, naked as

the day she was born. She is crying, sobbing, into her pillow. I walk to

her, to comfort her, at least that is what I tell myself.

I rub her back, trying to find my voice. “Baby girl, I am so sorry! I

shouldn’t have….we shouldn’t have…” I lose my voice when she turns to look

at me. She looks so much like a woman, not a girl. I run my hands along

her cheeks, sweeping away the tears, smoothing her hair. My hands travel

without my conscious thought, down her neck, along her shoulders.

My voice tells her how wrong this is, even as my hands explore her young

body. Her hands cover mine, guiding them to her young breasts, even as she

agrees with me. We speak of how wrong this is, how we shouldn’t be doing

this, but I still cannot stop my hands from caressing her. I stand and

remove my clothing, and crawl in to bed beside her, pulling her against me

feeling her warmth. Our words continue on, speaking volumes on how a

father and daughter should not seek out pleasure in each other, even as I

cover her body with my own.

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Her Side

My words plead with him, telling Daddy this is wrong, even as his hands

build a need within my body. I tell him this is wrong, even as I guide his

hands to touch every private spot upon my body. I beg him to stop, as his

finger enters my body, teasing me, feeling the warmth and wetness of my

response to him. Such a contradiction, I press my body against his, even

as my words tell him no.

I don’t want to have sex with my Daddy, yet I need to have sex with him.

The physical sensations confuse my thoughts. Oh, I can feel his cock

against my pussy, his chest against mine. My hips arch upward, out of my

control. My body begs him to enter me, as my words beg him to stop. But I

know we are past the point of stopping somehow.

I feel the tip of his cock press forward….slowly entering my pussy. It is

so huge, and despite my wetness, I feel stretched too tight. He barely

enters me, stopping just inside, as if giving me the chance to stop him.

Oh, how I wish I had the strength to do so.

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I stop just inside her. Am I giving her the chance to adjust, or giving us

the chance to stop this madness? I press forward, feeling the barrier of

her innocence, knowing the next thrust will strip it all away. But this

has already gone to far, even as my mind protests, my hips thrust forward,

tearing through her maidenhead and forever destroying the innocence. In my

lust I have destroyed the child, in search of the woman. I hear her cry of

pain and stop instantly. I utter words, mere words, trying to reassure

her, as I give her a moment to adjust. I can feel the muscles in her body

relax as the pain eases and slowly push deeper. Inch by inch I enter her,

burying my cock inside her, until I am fully sheathed in the warmth and

wetness. I stop again, looking into her eyes, expecting to see hate. Her

confusion is evident, but the need is there too.

I don’t know how long I remained buried and motionless inside her, before

she moved her hips. That small movement, just a fraction of an inch,

released me. I began with slow, short, gentle thrusts, waiting for her to

respond.

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Her Side

The pain when he pressed inside me was incredible. But when he stopped

moving it gradually ebbed and the hunger returned. I was afraid to move,

afraid to encourage him to continue, but my hips moved of their own

accord, following eons of evolution. My mind may not know anything about

this act, but my body knows all. Slowly he moved deeper and deeper,

filling me until I thought I would explode. And then the stillness, the

slow relaxation of the flesh and muscles, as I slowly grew accustomed to

the feeling.

Again the slight lift of my hips, and his movement began, slowly building

the need again. I had thought the need I felt was the need to have him

inside me….but then it should be fulfilled, not continuing to grow. As he

started moving with faster, stronger strokes the need grew as a fire will

when fuel is added. I could feel my muscles gripping him; feel the tension

building in my body. What is happening….I beg him to stop, tell him I am

scared. I hear him talking, know he is trying to reassure me…but how can I

explain to him what I am feeling.

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I can hardly believe how tight my little girl is, how tightly she fits

around my cock. I try to go slow for her, but damn she feels so good. She

is talking, but she doesn’t make sense, her words running together. Her

pussy is clutching my cock, her muscles tensing all through her body. I

try to calm her mind, tell her to let go, even as I feel her explode

beneath me. Her pussy tightens around my cock like a velvet hammer, her

body tenses and she screams in pleasure as her orgasm grips her. I want to

hold back…bring her here again… but the sensation is too intense. I thrust

faster and harder into her pussy, as she bucks and moans beneath me. And

then…..I can’t hold off any longer, I am cumming hard. I shoot deep inside

my little girl even as the tremors of her orgasm are just subsiding. Her

muscles milk every last drop from my cock…and draining my body.

I collapse against her, both of us struggling to catch our breath. I roll

to my side, pull her against me and draw the blanket over our sweaty

bodies. I stroke her hair and kiss her face. There will be time later to

talk, time to deal with what we have done, for now I just love her.